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*"I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the ending;
the one who is, and the one who was, and the one who is coming
the all powerful."*

*"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden
manna, and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a
new name written."*

MESSAGES FROM URANIA. IV

LEVI-TAURUS

In these bright, glowing hours,
Mid sunshine and mid flowers,
The burning kiss of God
Doth press the fervid sod;
By which transpires a mystery,
And Levi is its history.

Upon his shoulders raising,
With giant strength amazing,
Old Atlas bears the world;
And on its scroll unfurled
Is every legend shown,
And every secret known.

Within those convolutions,
Are hidden all solutions.
But think of what a wreck
If one should break the neck.
Thus Levi shares the glory
E'en with the upper story.

"Choose that which is within you and shut out that which is without; for much knowledge is a curse. Then I will place you upon that abode of Great Light which is the source of positive power, and lead you through the gate of Profound Mystery which is the source of the negative power. These powers are the controllers of heaven and earth and each contains the other."—Chuang-tse

"Without seeking to find in any one of the known elements the generator of the others, can we not invoke the facts that we have revealed in our study of Carbon in favor of the hypothesis of a unique matter unequally condensed? . . . The transmutation of an element is nothing more than the transformation of the motions, which determine the existence of said element and which gives it its special properties, into the specific motions peculiar to the existence of another element."—Daniel Berthelot.

"I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."—Jesus Christ.

A SCREW DRIVER

Charles Brodie Patterson writes on "Dominion and Power," and yet he does not exercise dominion and power. Helen Wilmans writes a book on "The Conquest of Death," but she does not exhibit life in a way to prove that death has been conquered. John Hamlin Dewey writes a splendid book on "The Way, the Truth, and the Life," but he continues to grow old and does not do the works which Jesus Christ said a man should do when he is in the Way. Horatio W. Dresser writes on "The Christ Ideal" and a dozen other themes of the same kind, but still walks his way in mortality and cannot do any of the works which Jesus Christ said a man should do. Ursula N. Gestefeld writes of "The Builder and the Plan," a text-book of the Science of Being, but she goes right on living in mortality without giving proof to the world that she has met the builder or knows anything practical about the plan.

I need not bring any more witnesses. What is the matter with Patterson? What is the matter with Helen Wilmans? What is the matter with John Hamlin Dewey? What is the matter with Ursula N. Gestefeld? What is the matter with the high priest of ethics, Horatio W. Dresser? What is the matter with the whole outfit? The matter is matter. There is nothing the matter with any of us except matter. Until we can come out of matter into Spirit, we will do nothing but talk. If we get a market for our talk, we make a living at it, and that is all. It is a sad commentary that we all die trying our best to live. We grow old and gray and decrepit talking about immortality and eternal life.

Ladies and gentlemen, there is a screw loose somewhere! Who will tighten the screw? Will you lend me a screwdriver? I have shown you the loose screw. Let us have a frank and open discussion of the subject. I will watch my exchanges to see what you are going to say about it. Don't dodge!

The above was written by one of the greatest investigators and profoundest thinkers of the age, Thomas J. Shelton, a man intrepid and fearless, ready to seek and determined to know the truth

at any cost. Willing to fly to the fervid embrace of the sun or plunge into the icy depths of the moon, to seize the girdle of Orion, harness Arcturus and compass the Pleiades in order to find out the great central truth of existence.

Why has he not found it? Why have none of these people, he mentions, found it? I will tell you why.

It is because they are working upon a wrong premise. They are attempting to put the roof on the building before the foundation is laid. They have mistaken cause for effect and effect for cause.

Beginning with Mrs. Eddy they have postulated Spirit as the supreme and only entity of the universe. They have declared the apparent realities or expressions of living energy as no-things.

The concise and at the same time abstruse statement of their philosophy is, Mind is all, there is no matter. The practical part of this philosophy or "statement of being," as it is called, is affirmed to lie in the fact that a conscious recognition of its principles leads to a complete emancipation from every form of human error and distress.

It is offered to humanity as a panacea for pain, a remedy for disease, and an antidote for death.

The blood of Constantine and Cromwell evidently infiltrates the constitution of that unique personage, the leader and founder of the Christian Science movement. She possesses a far-seeing Mind and wonderful executive Power. Devotion to an idea, and indefatigable effort has enabled her to realize *multum ex parvo*.

She took an old philosophy—just a few scattered fragments of it—and put it forward under patent as a New Discovery. It was no new discovery, though its promulgators imagine it to be so. It is as old as the Sanskrit Vedas, which antedate the oldest Hebrew manuscripts. Nor did Mrs. Eddy ever get more than a glimpse into the outermost portals of this philosophy.

She did, nevertheless, a great work. She created a new religion, which became an easy stepping-stone out of orthodoxy. Anyone who had been bound up more or less rebelliously to the churchly creed was ready and eager to embrace a new faith that substituted for the dogmas of hell-fire and vicarious sacrifice, a recognition of the principle of Love and Justice as the supreme and universal power.

Mrs. Eddy went just as far as she could go. She knew her world and knew how much it would accept. She popularized her new religion by making it thoroughly non-intellectual. She protected it from disintegration by mumifying it.

It is plain that she has successfully created a new orthodox church, and decimated the ranks of the older institution. The parallel between Christian Science and Catholicism has been well taken. The power of both lies in the abjuration of reason and absolute reliance upon the visible head.

The attractiveness of either lies in the teach-

(2) ing of the remission of sin without penalty. Out of Christian Science sprang Mental Science, just as Protestantism sprang out of Catholicism. There were a few who could not be chained down, they became dissenters. Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. Gestefeld and a hundred others rose to differ with Mrs. Eddy and stepped over her chalk-line. A number like Dr. Dewey, Prentice Mulford and Henry Wood, never tried to walk it, but marked out their own paths from the start.

In the course of time, there sprang up the Dowie annex, under the name of the Christian Catholic Church, which combined all the belligerency of the Salvation Army, all the zealotry of the Shouting Methodists and all the bold assurance of the orthodox band of C. S.

The consanguinity of all these sects is shown in their gregariousness as well as in their hostility to each other. On the banner of each is plainly inscribed the same legend, viz. "I AM IT." And written all over their countenance and sticking out of their attitude is the legible comment, "If you do not belong to our society you are IT-NOT."

Meanwhile, amid all these moral upheavals, we have been having a steady case of spiritualism, a perfect epidemic of hypnotism with an intermittent scarlet rash of palmistry, and still we survive!

† † †

And Helen Wilmans came also.

† † †

Springing from the brain of Helen, as Pallas sprang from Jupiter, came the mighty Thomas Shelton. The world trembled when he struck the earth, and an earthquake was reported from Texas. It has never ceased to quake at intervals since. At times there has been a lurid glare in the heavens, and at other times it blew gales.

Shelton has been seen upside down and down-side up. He has been pitched into, and has pitched into things. He has appeared in continuous Vaudeville as the star lightning-change artist, and kept us alternately breathless with suspense and laughing till our sides nearly burst, but he always comes out the same dear old Shelton, right-side up with care, whom we have never failed to recognize through all his wigs and masks and make-ups.

And now, at the very last moment, he comes before the curtain, amid tremendous applause, and declares, what we already knew, that it was all a fiasco—that there isn't a thing in any of it!

He says, There ladies and gentlemen, I have shown my full hand. There isn't a trump in it. I know the whole push on the stage. I will call them by their maiden names. They are just like me. They don't know a thing either. All the world is a stage and all of we-uns players, from Daddy Shakespeare down. * * * *

"Now, there is a screw loose. I have shown it to you. WILL SOME ONE LEND ME A SCREW-DRIVER?"

† † †

Isn't this a pretty predicament! Here we have

paid our money and have been promised the trans-⁽³⁾figuration of Mrs. Eddy and Helen Wilmans, and it is all a bluff!

The spectre moves before us. The hair falls off, the teeth fall out, the nose drops down, the chin drops up, the symmetricals collapse, and—O, ye Gods! It is the transformation of Rider Haggard's "She," who shrivels in the fiery flame into the writhing form of a wriggling monkey!

Shelton, you are incomparable. No, Mephistopheles could not have curdled our blood more successfully in Walpurgisnacht.

† † †
In this dilemma, fellow-citizens, as I have no doubt the management has ere this escaped with the box-office, I suggest that we remain as Bro. Shelton proposes, and discuss this matter.

I further suggest that he go back and—take the chair. I think he is entitled to this distinction as he has practically forced the issue by breaking up the show.

As I have two feet on the floor I will, Mr. President, with your permission, hold it down long enough to open this debate.

It has been moved that there is a "screw loose." I second the motion, and wish to amend it by stating that the "screw" is entirely missing.

Furthermore, I will tell you where it is to be found. It is out in the junk-pile whither Mrs. Eddy and her cohorts consigned it when they began repairs on God's beautiful mechanism, the human body, and from whence it must be reclaimed and put in place before we shall ever get satisfactory results.

The name of this screw is Mud, otherwise *Mutter*, at which I hear a groan from one hundred thousand Christian Scientists, who cross themselves and exclaim, "Let it be anathema!"

Seriously now, Mr. President and fellow citizens, this healing business is wholly on a wrong basis. I do not need at this juncture to present my credentials, or to state how I came into the knowledge which warrants me in making this statement. Suffice to say that I traveled in search of that which was lost, as you have done, and picked up what you overlooked.

I have weighed in the balance all the dicta of modern mental science and found them short weight, just as you also have done.

I do not know whom to lay the blame of this thing upon. History shows that for 1900 years mankind has done nothing else but misinterpret the Christ, and it is very apparent to my mind that history is now repeating itself.

I see no hope for progress until people cease this slavish obeisance to leaders, this aping of morals, this mouthing of cant and parrot-repetition of platitudes—this huddling in herds, playing forever the old partisan game of pom-pom-pull-away and indulging in social ring-around-the-rosy inanities.

The whole of our socialization is toward petrification bearing within itself the seed of certain disintegration. The clans must *disband* and every Laddie with his Lassie strike out into an independent path.

Let the church alone! There has got to be a nursery. Let the little ones cuddle together in a warm place with their playthings and listen to the sweet stories of David and Daniel, of Joseph and Jesus, of Floods and Whales and other tales and the House that Noah built.

But we grown men and women that have launched forth on independent missions to tunnel the earth, to raise the dead, to visit the stars, and shine all over the universe, let us lay aside our Gospel Hymns and our Eucharist-decks, and all the tom-phooleries of an effete ecclesiasticism, and let us get a move on us like demi-hemi-semi gods, for the eyes of the world are upon us. Let us lay aside prejudice and examine the situation fearlessly.

Take the New Thought Journalism of today which should be an exponent of the very highest thought and reason.

Is it not wrongly branded to start with? Is there any New Thought, and if so, is it being given forth? So far as I can observe the New Thought Press is simply repeating over and over the same old twaddle—harping on the same string, or a close imitation of it, that Mrs. Eddy twanged forth in '66. I do not say that this literary effort is wholly abortive. On the contrary it displays intelligence and earnestness. It is inspiring to an orthodox chick just emerging from his shell, because it promises much. But the poor chick soon learns that he must do his own scratching just the same.

What I do say is that all this talk, labelled "New Thought," or a very great share of it, is impractical. I get hundreds of letters all saying substantially the same thing, viz., "I am tired of this New Thought business. It don't pan out."

Everybody knows it don't pan out, and yet its adherents never suspect that anything is wrong with the system. It is exactly the same as in *Materia Medica*. Thousands die daily all over the world under the care of doctors, but those whose minds are grooved in that rut pay no attention to it, and continue to patronize the doctors, asking no questions as to causes or results.

Therefore, I say, we have got to get free from this slavish adherence to system, to society, to sect, and stand forth independently to demonstrate our *new thought*.

I will take as an example of a free man, or one who is right willing to become so, our illustrious President here, Mr. Thomas J. Shelton. There is a man in whom the Spirit finds an open channel for communication. He keeps his dredging tug steaming up and down incessantly. He has had sand bars thrown up within and refuse dumped in from without, but *Christian* still draws the same

water. To those in the groove this craft has appeared to cut up some strange antics. They cannot understand such unseemliness. They have not learned that the free lance cuts in all directions, and that the true pilot constantly corrects his reckoning. What would these same people think of an astronomer that would keep his telescope forever adjusted to one point of the heavens, or a geologist who would continue hammering away at one rock?

But is not this exactly what the New Thought "Movement," so-called, has been doing?

Ursula Gestefeld sent me a circular letter, as she did a lot of people, asking me to state my views regarding the present needs of the New Thought Movement.

I replied in substance that the Movement needs movement. It needs more do and less ado, more demonstration and less declaration. It needs what the old feather-bed needs—new feathers and a new tick.

† † †

Thoughts are *not* things until we make the things (with due apologies to my friend, Prentice); and herein is the cue to the "screw" that is declared to be missing.

There is a Great Thought lying at the foundation of religion and philosophy, a thought that has failed to be grasped by the modern mind. The metaphysicians are just as far from apprehending it as the physicians.

To arrive at this conception will require a mystical marriage of intellect and intuition. It will mean a blending of ideality with reality. The end will be that every man shall sit under his own Vine and Fig Tree and live on into the ages.

But this is not going to be brought about by sitting down in solitude and working the imagination over time. It is not going to be effected by "holding the thought" that All is Good, but by *using* the thought to discover *what* this Good is.

The modern school-men bear a striking likeness to the former disciples of Aristotle, known as the Peripatetics or the "walk-arounds." They go round and round in a circle of reasons and never once come within miles of the central fact.

A great philosopher said, "The center of the universe is a Grain of Sand." Nothing truer was ever uttered. And I tell you upon my honor that this particular grain has been thrown out on the dump. It is the lost "screw" and will produce the screw driver *and the driver of the screw driver* if you give it a chance.

Now, then, if you will cease rolling up the eyes to discover spiritual cobwebs in the back of the brain, and get a good magnifying glass and go search among the rubbish of the temple, you may succeed in finding this lost molecule.

It is the Master Key and has a secret jewel by which it may be identified. Eyes have ye, but ye see not. Christ speaks plainly to the Peripatetics

(4) of his time and accuses them of having wilfully taken away this Key of Understanding, and so they did, and so they continue to do.

† † †

There existed formerly a medicine which had the miraculous potency to heal all known diseases. I allude to it as a "medicine" because this is the term by which it was formerly known. It was, however, no such concoction as passes now-a-days by the name, medicine.

It was no animal nor vegetable nor mineral substance of any kind, but *the original spiritual essence of life* that enters into all substances.

It was well known to Enoch, to Abraham, to Elijah. In fact, the secret was common knowledge among the Levitical priesthood, though I have reason to think that it came originally from Egypt, but that is altogether unimportant.

The adept who figures in the history of the New Testament as Jesus Christ knew this medicine well and used it on all occasions, though the fact is not always so recorded. I could easily point out where it is recorded, but that, too, is unimportant. We do not care for records, nor for what happened thousands of years ago; what we want is knowledge now.

My investigations, which have been quite extended, disclose the fact that modern Therapeutics is only a waif that has gone astray from the old doctrine. Modern Religion is another. Both hold the relics and rituals of the ancient faith. Neither apprehends their meaning. The difference is, the older faith was based on understanding, the newer faith rests wholly upon supposition.

It is useless, nay foolish, to deny the existence of this ancient wisdom. Truly it can not seem so very incredible to a world which has swallowed the most impossible statements and subscribed to the most inconsistent creeds. Possibly this world has recognized intuitively the fact that this fantastic *pill* concealed the true medicine which it required.

It is scientific to accept a good theory as true until it be proven to be false. It is, however, unscientific to rest upon statements that are self-contradictory and unreasonable. Yet the weight of absolute truth depends wholly upon the perfection and accuracy of the mental-scale weighing it.

This is an age of intellectual slaveries and sophistries. That is to say, it is the decadence or tail-end of such an age. It is time a full halt was called.

If Mind be All, why do we struggle to make it *all-er*? We are not perfecting spirit. Spirit is perfect. We are not establishing immortality. Immortality is established. We are unfolding consciousness. We are adjusting ourselves to our environment. The visible is becoming manifest out of the invisible. Mortality is *putting on* immortality. But we cannot ignore either member in the equation of expression.

Matter is the matrix of Mind, One is the *cath-* (5)
ode and the other the *anode* in the eternal battery
of being.

If there be angels, then they possess bodies of
highly sublimated matter, and differ from men only
in having acquired power to transmute the elements
at will—to spin the fabric of life out of the essences
of supernal substance.

† † †

If you will recollect, I called a meeting similar
to this over a year ago, at the birth of my baby,
ADIRAMLED.

I had one only object in doing this. It was to
point out the very defect in our Science-Machine
that my friend Shelton has just called to notice.
I have already succeeded in bringing this matter to
the attention of several thousand people, and I con-
fidently expect the propaganda to extend over the
whole earth.

Shelton has said that there is no "lost word,"
but now he declares there is a "screw missing." I
say the "screw" in question is the Word. Again, I
say, the screw is a Medicine. And to be more defi-
nite, I say it is neither a screw nor a medicine to
all effects and purposes, but GREASE, just plain
grease, that is wanting in the economy of the prac-
tical mechanism known as the human body.

Now, do not misapprehend me and think that
this is merely comical. Do you know the signifi-
cance of the rite of *Chrism*, or holy anointing, in
the early church, or of Supreme Unction in the
Catholic church? Do you know why Mary broke
the box of precious ointment in Jesus' behalf, or
why anciently they anointed priests and kings on
their accession to office, or why again corn, wine
and *oil* are the wages of the Inner Chamber?

It is simply and plainly for this one reason:
The magic medicine of the ancients was in the
form of a very subtle spiritual oil. You may find
it mentioned all through the Bible. It was to the
patriarchs a most wonderful possession. By it was
created both health and wealth. Even the Pyra-
mids were built largely by its aid. In this oil lies
the most stupendous secret of the ages. It is THE
LOST WORD.

This Oil flows from the Grain of Sand that
forms the atomic axle of the Universe. Thus it
may be appropriately termed, *The Universal Axle-
Grease*.

If you can find that Grain, and it is accessible,
you may twirl the world on your finger and flip
pennies with the stars.

† † †

God is not the God of the dead, but of the
living. He did not dwell in all perfection in Jesus
Christ alone. He dwells in you. You are a dead
man, but you are also a living god. There is no
death of life, there is only eternal manifestation.
Of the phenomenon called death, I will speak more
at another time.

I am moved on the present occasion, to give
utterance to what has been revealed to me, not as a
prophecy which might be called imagination, but
as *knowledge* gained through *demonstration*—exact-
ly as the horticulturist gains his knowledge, by ex-
perimentation.

Jesus Christ is the Rock of Ages. That "rock"
is the most interior atom of the human body. It is
deathless. It is the rock that Moses smote. From
it issue living streams. They are the streams that
irrigate the Garden of Eden. If you can but find
the various outlets of these, you may come into the
consciousness that you hold within your possession
the very body and blood of Christ. Thus the
figure of the Eucharist is found to be a literal fact.

What the physical body needs is a reverberated
influx of that spiritual principle which normally is
dissipated. After thirty, the mechanism grows
rusty and brittle.

Broadly speaking, the "oil" (which in Heb.
4:12 is referred to as the spiritual Sword, piercing
bones and marrow) ceases to penetrate. The
Machine slows up, creaks, breaks down, stops—all
for lack of lubrication.

I hope you will not understand me to mean
"Omega Oil," or anything similar. The Oil I
mean is both Alpha and Omega. It is the First
and the Last, and all the screws that are too loose
and all the screws that are too tight may be adjust-
ed by this Divine Unction.

† † †

My dear friends, I am not posing as a Mahatma
nor a reincarnation of the Messiah, and I shall not
require you to vote whether I be or be not Elijah,
as John Alexander Dowie did in Chicago not long
ago.

I am simply a student of nature. I have arisen
in your midst to speak of things spiritual as being
demonstrably things natural.

I have arisen to admonish you to cease hitching
your wagons to stars for a while, and climb a few
mountains on your own terrestrial globe.

It was in looking down into the crater of an
extinct volcano that I beheld evidences of the very
Wonder I am presently alluding to.

Here at the foot of this very mountain I gath-
ered the pieces of *Lava* which I pulverized into the
oleaginous Sand on which to experiment with a
view of extracting this Oil.

Since then, I have discovered that there are
places in America where it can also be obtained of
excellent quality but in extremely small quantity.

So that thus far, it has taken an enormous
amount of labor and patience to obtain it.

I am at present studying on a chemical process
to manufacture it from common loam by a treatment
with Carbon and my experiments bid fair to suc-
ceed.

Naturally while I am studying, I am teaching,
because the thing is entirely too good to keep wholly

to myself. Nevertheless, the advantages which this discovery confers are so great, that I am constrained to let all prove their worthiness to know by personal, individual demonstration.

Why, if it were given openly some great syndicate would grab it up, and the poor of the Earth to whom it of right belongs would be cheated out of it, just as they are cheated now out of two-thirds of the joy of life by the combined powers of selfishness and greed.

You need not expect me to be infallible. You should not expect Mr. Shelton to be infallible. We are not gods who have come to earth for the express purpose of feeding diseased bodies with Elixir-sugar-plums in order to controvert natural law and keep pure souls beyond their allotted time in rotten caskets. We are not angels who are floating about for popular amusement. We are divine students, a little more bold, perhaps, than the rest, forging ahead into the thickets to clear a path, not for you but for ourselves. If you choose to follow, well and good. I warn you, it will be a rocky road, with many a brush heap and briar patch to scramble through.

You will learn from us, if you keep in sight, just while we are learning. *We are going to get out of the woods as fast as we can—and then, WE ARE GOING TO DISAPPEAR!*

† † †

You speak, Mr. President, of Electric Bodies. What do you mean by that? - Are you not aware that the present body is the mightiest of electrodes and if properly insulated it may become the most powerful Dynamo on earth, giving off forces that impinge the shores of Uranus? Why, these forces, if terrestrially conserved, would raise the pyramid of Ghizeh a hundred feet as easily as a boy tosses a rubber ball. Do you want anything more "electric" than the present human body? You will not find it. Franklin did not need more electrical clouds, he needed a way to get electricity out of the clouds that were. And this is just what we need. And the proper, legitimate way to exercise our talents and PROVE the supremacy of Mind, is by bringing Mind to bear upon the interior *Substance* of matter as it exists.

Let us divest ourselves of the superstitions of tradition. Let us cast away the shuck and seek the kernel of Truth.

Jesus spat upon the clay and healed the eyes of the blind. He also stooped and wrote the method in the Sand.

I call upon you, prophets and seers, that are peeping out into the future to see if some blackeyed man is to marry some blondined woman, if some property in chancery is to get out by chance, if four babies of undetermined sex, and three divorces of uncertain tenure are to transpire to someone,—I call upon you all in the interest of truth and progress to cease this foolish traffic with people's pride and superstition, and let your clairvoyant vision sweep the horizon of the past and LEARN THE MESSAGE THAT THE MASTER WROTE IN THE SAND. For there it stands today, curiously wrought in characters of Gold, on the cliffs of a shore visited by every mystic of every age.

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TOPEKA

TONE PRODUCTION

THE regular paper on Tone Production has been crowded out this month. But I append an exercise taken from Dynamic Breathing by Geneve Stebbins (published by Edgar S. Werner), which I consider very fine. In fact, it is an indispensable part of our preliminary practice.

Bear in mind that in these exercises you are not merely cultivating muscular powers. You are fashioning the magician's unique tool, Imagination: Will to imagine.

YOGA BREATHING.—So called because of its use by the Brahmins and Yogis of India. It is, perhaps, more clearly defined in English phraseology as concentrated will breathing.

1. Lie relaxed in any easy position.

2. Breathe strongly with a vigorous vertical, surging motion, with the same rhythm as in Exercise 1. (Four pulsations of the heart), which stretches the whole trunk like an accordeon, and let the mind concentrate itself as follows: (a) Imagine the ingoing and outgoing breath being drawn through the feet, as though the legs were hollow; (b) divert the same mental effort to the hands and arms; (c) to the knees; (d) to the elbows; (e) now breathe through the knees and elbows together; (f) breathe through the hips; (g) breathe through the shoulders; (h) breathe through the hips and shoulders; (i) breathe through the abdominal and pelvic region; (j) breathe through the solar plexus region; (k) breathe through the upper chest; (l) complete this mental imagery with breathing through the head and the whole organism in one grand, surging influx of dynamic life.

SPECIAL NOTE.—The foregoing exercise has a peculiar force when the imaginative faculty is so trained that it will quickly respond to the will. This will reacts upon the parts by strong magnetic action, and invigorates to such an extent as to merit the name of galvanic respiration, so potent is mind over matter. We must further note that the sixth function of the skin is to breathe, and certainly under this mental stimulation of the entire body, that function must be increased. Maudsley in "Brain and Nerves," writes to this effect: "Concentrated attention to a given portion of the body through an unimpeded channel will cause the blood and nerve force to go there." But observe, the channel must be unimpeded and the will concentrated. A celebrated athlete, when asked the secret of his success, answered, "I always breathe into the arm that strikes the blow;" while Lamperti the celebrated Italian maestro, was reported to have taught his pupils "to breathe in their bones."

A subscriber encloses a dollar for renewal of subscription and writes, "I would rather lose a dollar than one copy of this journal." That is an appreciated compliment and it is good logic. ADIRAMLED is invaluable. I know it because so many people declare it.

Please renew promptly. And say, try to get another subscriber. We must double our subscription to get it on a paying basis. ADIRAMLED should have 10,000 readers.

I am *pushing* with all my might. If you think it a good thing, turn in and help me push. It will PAY you better than you know.

TO MY READERS

"Soul draws to soul and knows its own,
With wise and glad conclusion!
Heart seeks in heart its counterpart
In love's supreme transfusion."

SPECIAL NOTICE:—In order to supply a demand and at the same time fulfil a promise made some time ago, I am going to give in the Journal a course of lessons under the caption **SCIENCE OF THE SOUL**.

These lessons relate to the development of all Psychic Powers by natural methods. I am sure this will be altogether the most interesting and useful work of the kind ever published. It embodies the results of personal experience and the practice or system of development is laid down so plainly that even a child may understand and apply it.

I would like my readers for their own personal benefit to form themselves into a class and set to work demonstrating this in their own lives, for instruction without application is useless.

We do have something occasionally to break the monotony of life as the following incident will show.

A young man who is interested in psychic phenomena called to enquire anxiously concerning my welfare.

Someone had imagined that I, or some attribute of me, was wanting from the March issue; and it seems that he and other friends had taken the matter seriously and endeavored to trace it out, and had finally located the *cause* in a certain Hindoo who they believed was hoodooing me, casting spells upon me, enchanting me for malignant purposes—in a word perpetrating the most virulent form of Black Magic upon me!

First, I was astonished and then I became excessively amused, as I recalled a little skit from the Chicago Inter-Ocean:

"The poor, benighted Hindoo
He does the best he kindoo;
He sticks to his caste from first to last,
And for pants he makes his skindoo."

I assured the dear young man that I myself was a master of Black, White and Variegated Magic, that I had surrounding me an adamant aura thicker than the Chinese Wall, and was, therefore, absolutely safe. Then I explained that in March I wrote the MSS. for three books, besides keeping up my customary enormous correspondence, which might explain why *some* of me was not in the Journal.

But tell your friends I am going to be *there* from date, with gloves off and gattling gun in position. A few delusions akin to black magic, that are floating around the horizon and across the zenith of dawning mentality are going to get a few "hot shots."

DID YOU see the beautiful Easter number of Boston Ideas? It is exquisitely covered in deep violet, etched with lilies white of rare design—altogether a model of typographical skill and printer's art.

The paper is eight four-column pages, very large and attractive, replete with the choicest literary selections, together with a synthetic review of current musical and theatrical doings.

The literary department is edited by that able, inimitable critic and writer, Caroline T. Pilsbury, whose deep acumen and sympathetic perception en-

(7) able her to see the good and the true in everything and who also possesses the felicitous talent of saying such charming things of all, that she must be regarded as a veritable Angel of Inspiration to rising litterateurs. She has given the place of honor in the Easter number to the **DIVINE SYMBOLS** by Adiramled, and deftly woven a laurel wreath that makes the author feel like the Poet of Athens or the Bard of Avon. You should read it, and to be up with the times, you should read the *Boston Ideas* all the time. It is published weekly for only \$1.00 per year. 66 Essex St., Boston, Mass.

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Dear Friends, one and all, I hope you will not accuse me of ungenerosity or think that I am only working for the almighty dollar. But I have got to call a halt on "free advice." If I began to answer all the free letters I get for one week it would give the victory to mortality, and I should rest in the tomb or the insane asylum. Now, you do not expect a doctor to treat you free. He will feel your pulse, write a prescription—not over ten minutes will he spend, and you will pay him one to four dollars—four is the price down here—and you have still 50 cents to \$1.00 to pay the druggist. Now, how can you expect me to spend an hour or more in your behalf for a postage stamp?

I will love you freely, but my brain-cells come high.

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